Hel. Sir, tis the gouernor of *Metaline*, who hearing of your melancholie ſtate, did come to ſee you.

Per. I embrace you, giue me my robes.
I am wilde in my beholding, O heauens bleſſe my girle,
But harke what Muſicke tell, *Hellicanus*! my *Marina*!
Tell him ore point by point, for yet he ſeemes to doat:
How, ſure you are my daughter; but what muſicke?

Hel My Lord I heare none.

Per. None, the Muſicke of the *Spheres*, liſt my *Marina*.

Lyſ. It is not good to croſſe him, giue him way.

Per. Rareſt ſounds, do ye not heare?

Lyſ. Muſicke my Lord? I heare.

Per. Moſt heauenly Muſicke.
It nips me vnto liſtning, and thicke ſlumber
Hangs vpon mine eyes, let me reſt.

Lyſ. A Pillow for his head, ſo leaue him all.
Well my companion friends, if this but anſwere to my iuſt beliefe, Ile well remember you.

Diana.

Dia. My Temple ſtands in *Epheſus*;
Hie thee thither, and doe vppon mine Altar ſacrifice;
There when my maiden prieſts are met together, before the people all reueale how thou at ſea didſt looſe thy wife; to mourne thy croſſes with thy daughters; call, & giue them repetition to the like; or performe my bidding, or thou liueſt in woe: doo't, and happie, by my ſiluer bow; awake and tell thy dreame.

Per. Celeſtiall *Dian*, Goddeſſe *Argentine*,
I will obey thee: *Hellicanus*. *Hell.* Sir.

Per. My purpoſe was for *Tharſus*, there to ſtrike;
The inhoſpitable *Cleon*; but I am for other ſeruice firſt;
Toward *Epheſus* turne our blowne ſayles;
Eſtſoones Ile tell thee why; ſhall we refreſh vs ſir vpon your ſhore, and giue you golde for ſuch prouiſion as our intents will neede?

Lyſ. Sir,